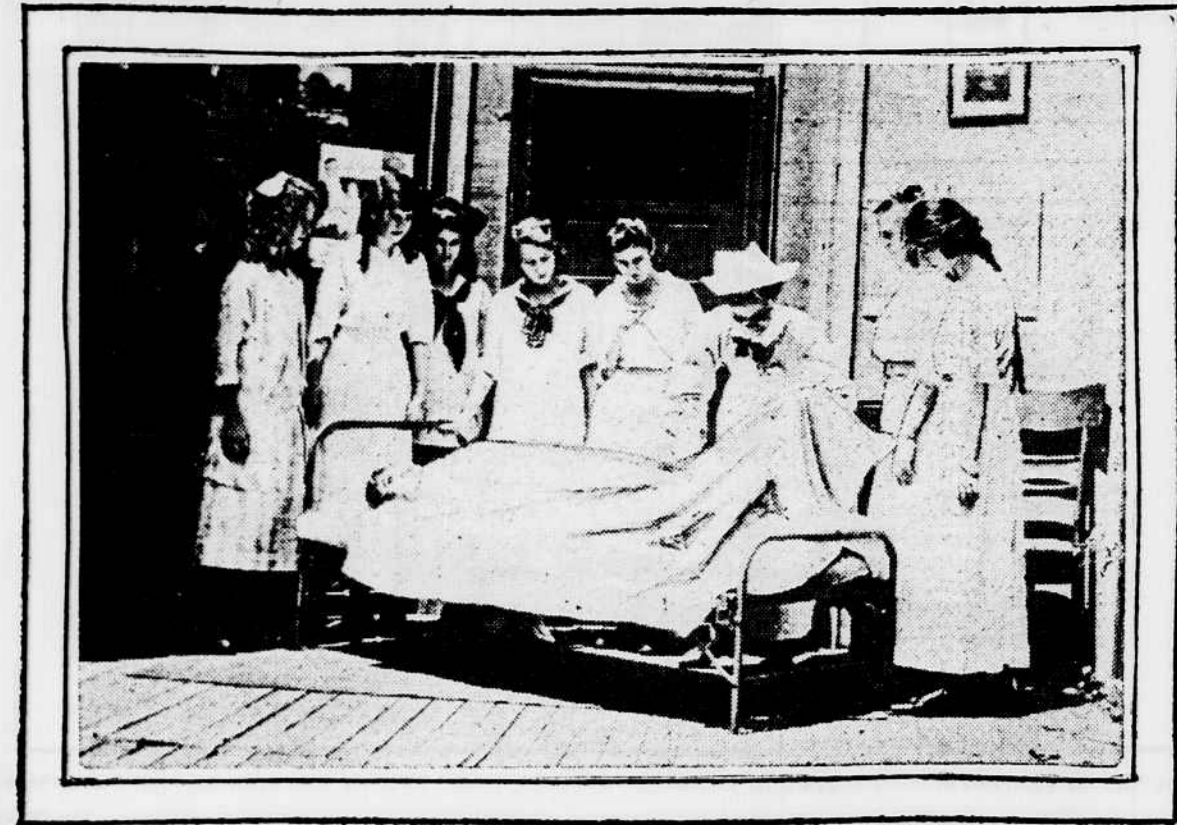


American Red Cross Work in the Rural Communities



TEACHING THE CARE OF SICK TO A CLASS OF GIRLS. A LESSON IN BEDMAKING WITH PATIENT IN THE BED.

THE word "country," when applied to children, generally calls up visions of bright eyes, rosy cheeks, lithe and splendidly developed bodies. It has taken the American Red Cross to discover that the country school child is in greater need of medical attention than the youngster in the city, that epidemics are of more frequent occurrence in rural regions than in cities, and that the country family is more helpless in the face of disease and contagion than is the family dwelling in the most populous tenement district of New York or Chicago.

Jacob Schiff, Wall street captain of industry and philanthropist, realizing the isolation of the people of the country from all of the remedial and preventive forces hedged about the dens of cities by health officers, public nurses, hospital authorities and whatnot, straightway turned over to the Red Cross Association in July, 1912, a \$100,000 endowment to apply to this purpose, and a new department, called "The Town and Country Nursing Service," was established, with Miss Fannie F. Clement as director and animating force generally of the new service.

A year after its endowment was made, the first rural nurse was sent forth on this new and untried mission. As it was an innovation and likely to be looked upon unfavorably by conservatives wherever the nurse was sent, Miss Clement permitted no preliminary preparation to be overlooked. The first nurse was a graduate registered nurse of a general hospital, she had had a year of practical experience in visiting nursing and an eight-month course in rural sociology and kindred subjects dealing with the problems of the country in one of the higher institutions of learning, and she was a member of a nurses' association affiliated with the National Nurses' Association.

Country nursing "took." The need of the country was found to be a real one, and the qualifications of the Red Cross nurse met that need with surprising success. From one community supporting a public nurse in July, 1912, the number has grown to fifty, scattered quite broadly over the United States, though at present there is more interest shown in the east.

There is one nurse in Arizona, one in North Dakota, three in Michigan, one in Alabama, and a number in South and North Carolina and Kentucky. The service is well represented in New Jersey, New York, West Virginia and Virginia. The increase in the number of schools to train workers, the awakening of the enthusiasm of women themselves, and the recognition from the country of the need of such service are factors which will have to grow under the hand of each and every one of the Red Cross nurses. All indications point to the rapid spread of the service as soon as it gets well rooted.

The duties of the visiting nurse are as varied as the regions to which she is assigned. A woman sent into a mountain district must quite a different set of conditions from those which

IN Fifty Districts of the Land Red Cross Nurses Are Fighting Disease—Country School Child in Greater Need of Medical Attention Than His Brother in the City. What the Visiting Nurse Does for a Community—"Inspection of Washerwomen." Work in the Home—A Day With One of the Nurses.

spirited woman of Kansas for a Red Cross nurse revealed the fact that in a radius of nine miles there were 340 cases of mumps, and that all but one of nine schools were closed.

The exception was taught by the county superintendent, who swore that, come what might, he would keep his school open. Though a man of staid, he contracted the disease, and his school, too, had to close its doors. They were all closed for four weeks out of a six-month term.

The nurse who took up residence in a town in Kentucky found that out of 208 pupils in attendance at the high school practically every one needed attention. Twenty-five cases of trachoma were found. A clinic was set up in the doctor's office, each child furnishing its own cot and bedding. Every place was never without one or two of the townpeople, who dropped in to see what was being done. The children who were infected were treated and the school was freed from trachoma—the first time in its history.

Before the rural nurse vanishes the wooden water bucket with its one rusty tin dipper, from which the water tastes so sweet, but which is reeking in germs; the slate smeared with spit by chubby fists, the cold biscuit sticky with apple butter or pear preserves, and many of the other earmarks of the country school which have been clothed in poetry but which appear as relics of the dark ages in contrast to the new era of the individual drinking cup, reams of white paper, clean and germless, and the hot lunch.

A nurse living in a Pennsylvania mining town has to fight the habit of the Slav mother to swaddle the baby, then tie it in a pillow covered with another feather pillow, and keep it in a room with closed windows.

Very often, in passing the boarding houses for unmarried employees of the mines she finds a badly infected foot or hand poulticed with green leaves, and no physician in attendance. This nurse was called to a home a short time ago where a baby had just arrived. She found the baby swaddled and bound with a wide red, white and blue ribbon. Upon asking for an explanation, she was told that the other children were born in the old country, and consequently were Slavs, but

that this one, being born here, was an American, and deserved patriotic decoration.

Probably the most unique environment in which a Red Cross nurse pursues her vocation is a little mining town called Jerome, Yavapai county, Ariz., where Miss Katherine Kraft is stationed. The place is hung, rather than built, on the side of a mountain, and the inhabitants almost swing themselves from street to street, so great is the incline. Mexicans form a large part of the population, many of whom speak only Spanish.

When Miss Kraft arrived she found that it was typical of most western mining communities in its sanitary arrangements. The school had never escaped an epidemic in all its history, closing its doors from six to eight weeks every term. She found that the mothers knew nothing about the proper care and feeding of babies, and that there was general ignorance in regard to the treatment of the simplest diseases.

Miss Kraft kept the school open all through the term the first year after she arrived. By organizing the Mexican girls into "Little Mothers' Leagues," after the pattern of the same thing on the East Side children of New York, she aroused an interest in the care of babies which carried over into practical demonstration in their homes. She aroused enthusiasm over the making of dioxed poultices, preparing proper food for the sickroom and caring for a patient generally; she taught the boys the value of clean streets and pure water supply. From a community in which there had been utter disregard of hygienic principles, Jerome, under the tutelage of this representative of the Red Cross in co-operation with the local physician, has become a model in sanitation and hygiene.

A page from a nurse's diary gives an illuminating idea of what she has to do. "The telephone rang insistently. I opened my eyes sleepily, and peering out of the window, saw that the eastern sky was just beginning to show a faint glow of red. Hurriedly slipping on something warm, I answered the phone. Mrs. Walters wanted me to come over immediately, as Mr. Walters, on his way out to feed the stock, had slipped on the icy steps of the back porch and broken a bone in his ankle.



MISS KATHERINE KRAFT IN JEROME, ARIZ., AND SOME OF THE MEXICAN CHILDREN SHE CARES FOR.

I consoled her as best I could and told her to make her husband comfortable until I came.

"It didn't take me long to get out of the house, put the saddle on 'Baby,' the good horse which carried me about on my errands, and canter through the crisp morning air over to the Walters farm. I found Mr. Walters propped up on the kitchen floor. With the help of his wife, I carried him to the lounge, and then set his ankle in emergency splints. By this time the doctor had arrived, and leaving the patient to his care I assisted Mrs. Walters in preparing breakfast. After snatching a bite, first pulling down some hay for 'Baby' out of Mr. Walters' hay loft, started for the district school, two miles away.

"The program called for a tooth-brush drill, which is always hailed with delight by the children. As the drill progressed I noticed that one little girl seemed marked for attention. At the end of the exercise I called her over to me and perceived at once that the youngster was ill. Upon closer examination, I found that she had a bad sore throat. I told the teacher that she should be sent home at once, giving a caution in regard to the books and materials about her

desk, so that in case it turned out to be diphtheria they might be burned.

"As I went by the little girl's home on my way to the baby clinic, the next thing on my day's program, I put her behind me on the horse and deposited her on her mother's doorstep.

"Hurrying on to the village, I found Dr. Mendall and a group of others and their babies waiting for me. We at once proceeded to weigh the infants, Dr. Mendall pointing out anything that was wrong. Mrs. Koralski's baby alarmed him considerably, and he told me to give it special attention. Taking the little bundle from its mother's arms, I took off its clothes and gave it what was probably the first real bath which it had ever had.

"Its condition was due largely to improper diet, and I endeavored to make it plain to Mrs. Koralski that she should not feed her infant beer, cabbage and meat. Giving her explicit directions as to its diet and promising to come around in a few days to see how it thrived, I returned the little charge to her.

"On my way to dinner, I took a short cut and stopped in for a minute to cheer up Old Mammy MacGruder, who lives alone, and is a shut-in, having been a cripple for a number of years. I straightened up her room, told her the news of the village and left a

The nurse lives with some member of the neighborhood, if the town has not already provided her a home of her own. A movement toward the establishment of what is called community centers is gaining strong headway in many regions where the nursing service is installed. The nurse's quarters, the rooms for the baby clinic, the various classes which are conducted by the nurse, the dental clinic, the gymnasium are grouped together in one building. With this as a nucleus, possibilities are being mapped out for the community center.

It may become the home of the school teacher, the headquarters for the farm bureau or the county grange, and a place to hold community festivals, or entertainments. Several country neighborhoods have put the idea into practical operation and others are planning to establish community centers in the near future.

As the territory covered by the rural nurse is extensive she requires some means of getting about. In several instances the nurse has her own machine. In the mountain regions she uses a horse and buggy, or goes on horseback. When answering an emergency call to the mines the nurse will accompany one of the physicians on a handcar over the railroad.

In most of the communities where a Red Cross nurse has been stationed she has won her way into the hearts and the respect of the people, no matter how uncertain they may have been at first as to her status, or how suspicious of the wisdom of her methods. Generations back, her gentle ministrations at times of sorest need, her ability to fit into an emergency, from mending a goose wing to officiating at the birth of a baby, has won out in every case no matter how deep the prejudice or how rabid the opposition.

Quaint Little Pictures of Children Put Price on Alsatian Artist's Head

PARIS, January 12, 1916.

THE French are all convinced that they will surely take back Alsace-Lorraine.

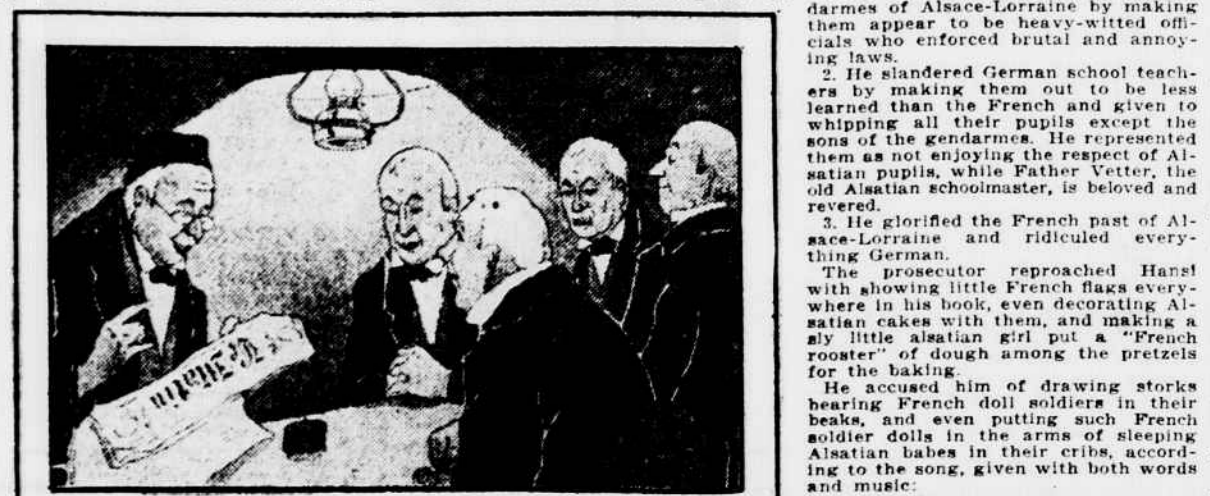
They consider, in fact, that it is as good as done, except that they are tender about bombarding the beloved Alsatian cities. Wherefore, they go slower.

Nothing shows the sentiment better than the joyful vogue of "My Village," the pretty color-printed album of Hansi, the Alsatian, which sells out a new edition in three days, the presses away behind the demand. The daily papers publish extracts from it. It is the feature of the Paris season.

Yet, immediately before the war, no Paris bookshop would take an order for the album, although it was brand-new. It had been suppressed almost as soon as published, by the French themselves, for fear of international complications. The black shadow of German anger hung over "My Village."

"My Village" is, indeed, a historical document.

It was "the prayer of Alsace" after forty-five years of annexation, and ap-



"PERE VETTER READS THE PARIS NEWSPAPER TO VILLAGE FATHERS."

HANSI Charged With High Treason by German, Says Sterling Heilig, The Sunday Star's Special Correspondent in France—Picture Book Suppressed in Paris Before the War for Fear of Trouble Is Now a Feature of the French Capital's Season—Its Author Condemned to Death by Invading Germans—The Prayer of Alsace-Lorraine.



"HE PUT FRENCH SOLDIERS AND TOYS EVERYWHERE."

twilight, when the children go hand in hand, singing the old songs; when the flames go whispering and the old folks gossip in the doorway; where the stout stands on her nest above the schoolhouse in the twilight, amid songs of birds and children, who think that living in my pretty village is the greatest happiness on earth. Yes, but down there, along the main street, you not perceive also the square and heavy shadow of the gendarme?

So the Kaiser, after mature study, ordered prosecution.

The charge first made against Hansi was merely a misdemeanor, based on the text and pictures of the book. He was accused of the following crimes:

1. He slandered the (German) gendarmes of Alsace-Lorraine by making them appear to be heavy-witted officials who enforced brutal and annoying laws.
2. He slandered German school teachers by making them out to be less learned than the French and given to whipping all little pupils except the sons of the gendarmes. He represented them as not enjoying the respect of Alsatian pupils, while Father Vetter, the old Alsatian schoolmaster, is beloved and revered.
3. He glorified the French past of Alsace-Lorraine and ridiculed everything German.

The prosecutor reproached Hansi with showing little French flags everywhere in his book, even decorating Alsatian cakes with them, and making a little Alsatian girl put a "French rooster" of douch among the pretzels for the baking.



"THE IMPERIAL PROSECUTOR ACCUSED HANSI OF PLACING SOLDIER-DOLLS IN THE CRIBS OF ALSATIAN INFANTS."

1915, a Swiss business man wrote to the Etoile de l'Est of Nancy, the last news that is known of it.

"A business trip in Germany recently to the town of Mannheim, on the Rhine," wrote the Swiss. "Having need to legalize a document, I went to the prefecture of police, and while awaiting my turn my attention was attracted by a great picture frame hanging in the waiting room, containing many photographs, each bearing an inscription. I looked more closely. What a pleasant yet painful surprise. There was the photograph of Hansi, the good Hansi, the great Alsatian patriot, the exquisite artist who has immortalized all the Prussian Knatschke, Herren Professoren and functionaries who, for so many years, have desolated the pleasant land of Alsace by their presence! And I read beneath the photograph:

"Waltz, called Hansi, designer; 5,000 marks."

It was enough. The Colmar judge decided it to be no simple misdemeanor for a correctional court to deal with, but sent Hansi up to Leipzig, to be tried by the tribunal of the empire Reichshof.

This vision had a strange effect on the tribunal. The prosecution affirmed that in it Hansi had made a formal "signal of distress" on the part of Alsace to the Gallic rooster, in hope that the squadrons of France would respond to his cry.

Remember, this was in May, 1914, three months before the brusqued attack of Belgium. All Europe feared Germany. France was negligible.

Tranquilly, Hansi replied: "I beg you not to ascribe to me things

ter them or conceal their presence will be shot."

On October 6, 1914, their property was declared confiscated.

Meanwhile, Hansi was fighting at the pass of the Scheldt, where the French took up the first imperial frontier signpost. As corporal of the 152nd line, he drew a picture of it, with the blue Alsatian mountains, and a new signpost: "France, 1914, and a pointing arrow. None can draw German prisoners like Hansi.

Every time he gets a chance he draws new pictures of his village. The latest is a little Alsatian girl praying at a soldier's grave in the reconquered territory.

I notice that the blue Alsatian mountains are now in his right hand background.

They must be nearing closer to the village.

STERLING HEILIG.

Poor Fellow!

A WELL-known clubman was talking about the divorcee.

"The curtailment of personal liberty has a good deal to do with divorce," he said. "The husband's personal liberty is curtailed and the wife is curtailed. Hence, moral degradation and divorce."

"In a restaurant the other night a man was drinking beer and eating sandwiches with his wife and his mother-in-law. He finished his beer and took a fresh sandwich. The attentive waiter snatched up the empty glass and said politely:

"Another beer, sir?"

"The man looked at his wife.

"Shall I have another, Minnie?" he asked.

"His wife looked at her mother.

"Shall he, ma?" she asked."

Esprit d'Appros.

RICHARD M. GIBBS, the young socialist writer, being strong for the allies, often attends German-American meetings as a heckler.

At a recent German-American meeting in St. Louis a speaker referred to the Fatherland's food shortage.

"But the government is doing all in her power to protect the people," he said. "There has now been set up a commission to control the consumption of cheese."

"The Watch on the Rhine, eh?" shouted Mr. Gibbs from the gallery.

"Yet the government for all its care, finds it more and more difficult to appease the hungry people," the speaker went on. "In their hunger the people are getting out of hand. What is to be done?"

"Put a bit in their mouths!" shouted Mr. Gibbs.